

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E. C.

BRAMWELL BOOTH, General
WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

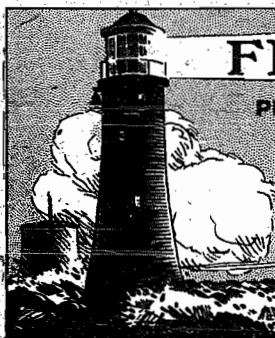
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HENRY C. HODDER, Commissioner.





FLASHES from the LIGHTHOUSE

PERSONAL
TESTIMONY

IMPRESSIVE
INCIDENTS

ORIGINAL
ARTICLES

TELLING
EXTRACTS

BIBLICAL
INSTRUCTION

That Secret Altar

Light There the Sacred Flame of Sincere Faith, and
Ask What You Will

EVERY reader of the Old Testament is acquainted with those arresting little word-pictures which, occurring so frequently, present to the view an altar. Sometimes one sees a crude erection of a few rough stones merely, an altar none the less; and it is attended, maybe by one man, or perhaps a little family group. Again, it is an ornate structure of well-defined parts, set up in a glorious place; and assembled before its awe-inspiring splendour, a multitude of devoted people. Between these two extremes one may read of gradations of magnificence and devotion, but ever is the altar depicted.

One finds on visiting the sacred piles which ornament our towns and cities, that the notion of an altar claims the attention of worshippers even yet, and whether costliest constructions or simplest of tables, there they stand, set up in the name of the Living God. But what do they mean? What do the people apprehend with regard to them? Can a carpenter make an altar, or a mason chisel one from stone? Can the goldsmith design and mould a place for the worship of Almighty God? Does the Most High wait on the accomplishments of cunning craftsmen ere He can condescend to accept adoration from men?

From Russia comes this proverb: "There's a secret city in every man's heart. It is at that city's altars that the true prayers are offered." And there we have a suggestion which every one of us would do well to consider. Prayer in the city or prayer in the town; prayer in a concourse or the prayer of one alone; in temple or church, in a Salvation Army Hall, or in the field—"tis not the outside setting that counts, not the altar, nor the one who presides; 'tis the heart of the one who prays that matters."

Let him light on his inward altar the sacred flame of sincere faith and he shall ask what he will in the name of the Saviour of men and he shall be blessedly rewarded. For Jesus came not to command the building of altars which all men may see. He seeks to-day, as ever, to be worshipped in the heart, from which are the issues of life; in the heart, where is formed a man's character; in the heart, out of which come the actions that denote the character of a man.

The world had had enough of temples made with hands, and of the altars on which Jewish sacrifice was made long before Jesus came. He it was

JESUS CHRIST: A LIVING INFLUENCE

"The wholesale rebellion against His influence which culminated in the war has turned out too very badly that at present there are probably more people who feel that in Christ is the only hope for the world than there ever were before in the lifetime of men now living."—G. Bernard Shaw

who challenged the perverted order of things by denouncing the hypocrisy which could recite prayers that came from the lips alone. And it is true that to-day He desires the worship of the heart—out of the secret place in every man's heart—the place rich other person knows. He covets first place there, and will be satisfied with none other.

Less than nothing are the vain oblations which emanate from any other place or from any other motive than that born of God within that secret city. What if the words be well chosen and the listeners assert that this is as the voice of an angel speaking. If the prayer be not offered in the heart, it remaineth untrue, and is not answered from Heaven. Simple, sincere, of few and halting phrases, even, the prayer which ascends to the Holy One who has the altar of a man's heart gives joy to the Father God and moves Him to loving action, while time rounded phrase and fervent utterance, begotten in the brain and alien to the heart, tinkle only in the ear and die with the momentary vibration unheeded in Heaven and without value on earth.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;

Given exercise to faith and love;

Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;

Prayer makes the soldier's armor bright.

By all means let us pray aloud, if by so doing other souls are blessed and inspired; but let us never do so unless we are conscious that we offer our words before that hidden altar dedicated to our personal Saviour and our loving, greatly-beloved and readily-obeyed God!

∴ THE LIFE OF GOD ∴

THE life of God in the life of man is a subject of never-ending interest, and it has many sides and aspects. In this latter respect it reminds me of the dawning of the day, which is never twice seen exactly the same, and yet comes in every morning by the operation of the selfsame sun. The opening day has many movements of coloured light, flashing as they change like the waves of the sea—zodiac storms and tempests, torrents, and deep calms, cleansing tides and tiny rivulets—all so different and yet all the same sea. So in one heart God works the grace to pull down, and another to build up; in one to chastise, in another to comfort; in one to bruise, bleed, and break, in another to restore and lead beside the still waters; in one to wound and in another to heal, and yet in each and all it is the same Spirit.

When the soul of a man has thus taken in the Spirit of God, it is unutterably blessed, for it becomes a living temple—created by His own word, and kept pure by His own breath. Therein God can exhibit what He likes best—love, truth, purity, tenderness, patience, in fact, all of Heaven that earth can desire or understand or receive.

COMPENSATION

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN

FOR everything that happens wrong

A dozen things go right.

For every tear a flood of song

Rings out across the night.

For every dark and stormy day

A week of days are fair.

However chill the clouds and gray,

'Tis always bright somewhere.

For every heart of bitterness

A host of hearts are light.

For every hour of deep distress

A whole long day is bright.

For every faithless friend we find

That many friends are true.

So, after all, God's mighty kind

To such as me and you.

THE MARKED ROUTE

THE severe rainstorm was over. It had washed lawns and freshened the trees in the valley, and had also filled to overflowing the little pools and hollows higher up, so that the water still came courging down the rocky hillside in rivulets. Some one idly remarked that they seemed to follow a path they found ready made for them.

"They do," answered a neighbor earnestly. "That is the story of all such action-making paths; they make it easier for the next one to follow. Certainly it is the story of the thought that cut ruts in our brain."

We seldom think of those brain paths, and yet they are as real as they are important. Once admit a certain thought, and suspicion of evil in our neighbor's conduct, a distrust of something or someone in whom we have always believed, an ugly return that might be made to some unkindness, and give it space for a few minutes, and at its first opportunity we shall find it turning and following the same course. Nevertheless there is comfort in the knowledge that good, pure, generous thoughts have an equal power in cutting such channels, and we are not helpless in deciding which thoughts shall have the right of way.

NURSING OUR CARES

MEN will not avail themselves of the riches of God's grace. They love to nurse their cares and seem as uneasy without some fret, as an old friend would be without his hair girdle. They upon the Lord; but even when they attempt it, they do not fail to catch them up, and think it meritorious to walk burdened. They take God's ticket to heaven, and then put their baggage on their shoulders, and tramp, tramp the whole way there afoot.—Becher.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

by themselves have done very little for mankind; in fact, it is said that they only claim to distinction is that they have been used as paving material on the roads which lead to a very undesirable location in the next world.

Perhaps, if we use a little of the energy and thought we usually use in framing New Year resolutions, in actually doing something worth while we shall profit accordingly.

Thy Word is a Lamp

PASS IT ON!

IT has been said that if you smile when you meet a person it makes them smile in return, and as a result of your smile they smile at someone else whom they meet, and so your smile is passed on until there are miles of smiles.

Now, you receive blessings from the War Cry each week, but do you pass those blessings along? There is a very simple way in which you may do so. After you have read your 'Cry' just wrap it up and mail it to a relative or friend. This will only cost you a one-cent stamp—less than it would cost you to write them a letter!

The writer has done this for some time and has had the joy of seeing some of his relatives brought to Christ through this powerful herald of Salvation already. Needless to say, he is still "Passing it on!"

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Ecclesiastes 11: 1.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER

GEORGE MULLER began early in life to pray for five personal friends. Five years passed, and only one of them was brought to Christ. In ten years' time another of them found the Saviour. A short time before Mr. Muller's death, Dr. A. T. Pierson asked him if he had besought God for anything which had not been granted, and he replied that he had prayed over sixty-two years for two men to be converted and neither of them showed any indication of interest in God. What perseverance in intercessory prayer was this! "Do you expect God to convert them?" Dr. Pierson asked. "Certainly," came the ready response. "Do you suppose that God would put upon his child for sixty-two years the burden of two souls if He had no purpose of their conversion?" Shortly after Mr. Muller's death, these two men were brought to Christ.

WHERE JESUS IS UNKNOWN

ALTHOUGH The Salvation Army is at work in seventy-three different countries there are still many millions of people to whom the name of Jesus is unknown. The greater part of the population of the interior of China have not yet been visited by any Missionary agency, and the people whose only form of religion is superstition live in constant fear of evil spirits which they believe are seeking to harm them. Of three hundred millions of people in India only a small percentage profess to know Christ. In Africa also there are vast tracts of country which have never been traversed by the messengers of God, and in some of these places religious practices of a most debasing kind are carried on.

OUR WEEKLY SERMONETTE

NO MISTAKES IN GOD'S PLAN

An Article Which Should Bring Much Comfort to Those Who Have Suffered Bereavement

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg (Norway)



THOSE who are familiar with "The Soldier's Guide" will know that it is made up of Bible readings for each morning and evening throughout the year. The portions extend to fifteen or sixteen verses each in length, and by means of this convenient selection of passages the reader is able to compass the whole Bible in the course of a year. For this, among other reasons, the "Guide" is eminently suited for family worship, and it is good to know that it is very widely used for this purpose.

Some of our readers will recall the time when "The Soldier's Guide" was first issued, and the outcry that was raised against it in certain quarters. It was sneered at as "General Booth's Mutilated Bible." But as our Founder explained, "it was never meant in any degree to take the place of the Bible. What we want to bring about is the daily reading of all parts of the Bible, instead of that preference for the New Testament which we find more and more common."

Happily that period of misunderstanding has long been lived down, and "The Soldier's Guide" has come into its own. The habit of bringing it into regular family use could be formed at no better time than the New Year.

THERE IS NO MIDDLE GROUND

'HE that is not for me is against me; he that gathereth not with me scattereth.' Every man is either saved or lost, is either right or wrong, is either God's servant or the Devil's slave, is on his road to Heaven or on his death-march to Hell.

There is no middle ground between the acceptance of the Bible and the endorsement of infidelity, between creationism and evolution, and between faith and doubt.

Christ is either the God-man or He is an impostor; religion is either a blessed reality or it is a dark and terrible delusion.

There is no middle ground between sin and holiness. Christ can either save from all sin, or sin is stronger than Christ. Conflicting definitions may mystify the vision, but it does not alter the fact. Christ can and will sanctify the soul from all sin, or else sin remains within us. There is no use to argue over definitions and gradations of suppression; the choice and the fact lie between sin and holiness.

Life and good are on the one hand, and on the other, death and evil. Choose ye this day the side you will take.

Comparing the first two chapters of Genesis with the last two of Revelation, we see that in the final restoration every original will have its permanent antitype. In the beginning were Eden, the tree of life, the man and his wife, and blessed communion with God. In the glorious future there will be Heaven, the tree of life on the river of life, Christ and His church, and everlasting fellowship and communion with God.

Fear God for His power; trust Him for His wisdom; love Him for His goodness; praise Him for His greatness; believe Him for His faithfulness; and adore Him for His holiness.

SOME incidents can never be effaced from one's memory, for it has seemed as though they have been etched thereupon by the slow drops of blood falling from the wounds of a bleeding, if not a broken, heart. Let me relate one such incident. I was sitting alone one morning with my second babe in my arms, when my



brother, The General, found me I had buried my first-born in India, and I had always been so sure that my second-born was sent straight down from God's loving arms into mine to comfort me. So when, after a few hours' struggle with croup, my baby had died, it was hard for me to look down at the marble face and say, "Thy will be done!" I could not.

As my brother, after travelling all night, came into the room, and without a word took me and the baby right placed upon my forehead was wet with tears I looked up into his face and with dry eyes told him I could not bow in submission. I think I then uttered the very first words I had ever spoken in my life about my Lord that were unworthy. Perhaps as I uttered them God forgave them, for He saw deep down into the poor heart of anguish below.

Then my brother spoke. He leaned right over the dead baby, and I remember as he grasped my hot, feverish hand while it held the tiny, stiff, cold fingers—with a strength that seemed, for the first time, to wake me from the stunned lethargy into which the shock of the baby's death had plunged me, he looked at me with those beautiful, speaking eyes of his—my mother's eyes—overflowing with tears, and said these words, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake." Only that. No more. Then he bent and kissed the baby, and told me I must come downstairs with him and give him a little breakfast, for he was cold and needed something after his long journey.

He went back to London that night. There was no apparent change in my feelings, but all that day, and the many days and nights which followed, were ringing in my ears those words, in my brother's unfeeling, certain tones, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake."

Sweet Buds of Peace
They did their work—hard as was the wayside soil—for the moment that they felt they bore fruit; and how

many times since have the sweet buds of peace kept my soul from fainting, 'mid the blasting of the storm, "God never makes a mistake."

It was the morning following the death of our beloved General. I had been in very early to see him. He looked most beautiful. There were so many visitors to be received during the day, and I was anxious to have it all just as it should be for my brother's visit, before any of these friends made their appearance on the scene.

At first we all three went in together; nay, I believe, four—the Chief (then), Mrs. Booth, Lieut.-Colonel Catherine and myself. Then the Chief said, "I would like to be left alone." He was looking very pale and overstrung. The reaction of the past weeks of strain had already set in. My dear sister, Mrs. Booth and I waited outside. Through the door came the sounds of a stifled yet determined voice, and I felt the man inside was making vows to his living God in the presence of his beloved dead.

Anointed by God

When at last the door opened I was struck with the expression on the Chief's face. It was as though during those moments in that sacred chamber God had anointed him, and the cloak of Elijah had fallen upon Elshah. The eyes were heavy with human tears, but there was such a Divine light in them! The face was pale, very pale, but peace, wonderful, blessed peace was stamped upon the features. The lips trembled slightly as, taking Mrs. Booth's hand in one of his and mine in the other, he said, "Dear, dear General! What a life—we shall never see his like again!" I could not answer; I was choking. The full blast of the sorrow seemed to burst upon me in all its fury as, hand in hand, the two passed downstairs, and I stood alone in that very lobby where Mr. Higgins had, while washing his hands, pronounced the operation, as far as he could tell, to be perfectly successful; and Mr. Eason had said, "the best man in the world to operate upon," and now, not three months later, he lay cold and still in the arms of death. Oh, the irony of that mystery! How it confronted me! Oh, the "Why!"—how it cried in my ears, and, oh, the ache of how it was as I bent my head on to the table to let the waters have vent. Then came again the far-off echo of the words in the Paris baby's nursery, now fifteen years ago, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake," and I was comforted.

All-loving and All-wise

These lines may fall beneath the eyes of some other mothers whose arms ache for the babies gone before, or of some other watchers by the side of their dead, or maybe cause the tears to flow as the head is bowed in some bitter lonely experience. I know not. Perhaps they may be read by some who lie upon beds of suffering, from which they have not risen for aught, nine, ten or even more years. To you all I would pass on my brother's words. I wish he could speak them personally to you each as he did to me, with that firm, awakening pressure of his hand; but the words are there, let them help you: "God—the all-loving, all-wise, all-tender God—never makes a mistake."

Let them comfort you as they have thousands of times comforted me.



HOW TO BE SAVED

YOU will have to be in earnest about it. It must be your own purpose, to get right with God. Nothing else must be allowed to matter. You must realize your need of Salvation. And you must face the fact that unless you get saved by grace you will lose your soul.

Comfort will come to you just here in the knowledge that Jesus Christ sacrificed His life in order that you might escape death. And the reminder that He is waiting to forgive should bring you to your knees, in earnest desire to obtain His pardon at any price.

You must now recognize that the forsaking of all sin, the abandonment of all wrong-doing, the putting right, as far as possible, of any wrong done, and a deliberate handing out of yourself to your new Master are all necessary steps for you to take. The Devil will raise objections and point out difficulties. If you tell him he is a liar, and refuse to listen to him, you will do well.

Cry to God for forgiveness for Christ's sake, and for power to walk the new way. Believe that God hears your prayer, and answers it. Start at once to do the right thing at the moment, and go on looking to God for guidance and help. He never fails.

TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS

A MOSLEM boy was brought to a Salvation Army Leper Colony in the Dutch East Indies one day. His father was a native ruler and very much devoted to his faith. The boy, too, made a request on arriving that Christ, None the less he began, by and by, to stand at a little distance when the Children's Meetings were being held, and the wonder of Calvary won his heart. The father was for cutting the boy off when he heard the story; but his heart overcame his religious scruples when the boy died loving Jesus. The dignified Moslem came to kneel at his son's grave one day; and when the headstone arrived to be placed over the little grave in the Colony, it was found that the father had instructed the masons to carve the symbol of Salvation in the panel where the crescent and star had been wont to appear.

THINK, and realize that

The dance hall is a good thing in a way, and the farther away the better.

People with high intellectual polish are great reflectors of light; people of high spiritual polish are the light of the world.

The mirth of Heaven is thankfulness and praise. Murdered convictions are the most terrible ghosts that lie in wait along your pathway to the grave.

Sin puts hell in the soul; then it puts the soul in hell.

You must hope and strive if you would thrive.

Endings will never be found at the end of the rainbow unless you carry it there.

Popularity is more often a reward for not displeasing people than for pleasing them.

HOW KOREANS TESTIFY

Saving the Prisoners and Wonderful Faith-Healing

THREE striking testimonies heard in a Salvation Army Meeting in Korea:

First Man: "Some time ago I mixed in doubtful money transactions, and eventually was imprisoned. After my release I met Ensign —, under whose influence I found Salvation. Hearing of a friend of mine who was in the hands of the police, I urged his release, promising to take him to The Army and get him converted. They consented; he came to the Meeting, bringing his brother—a drunkard—and both professed Salvation. Twelve others of the family now attend the Meetings."

Second Man: "I belong to this neighborhood. For two years I was a complete invalid. The Ensign visited my house and entreated me to seek Salvation. This I did, and he joined with me in asking the Lord to heal me. Now I am quite strong, and have given myself to God to work in the Salvation Army until I die."

Third Man: "For months I had had a bad leg. Going to Seoul, I entered hospital, but after two or three months the doctors said nothing could be done. The Captain visited me and prayed that Jesus would heal my body. Immediately I began to improve; in three weeks I was quite well and strong. Tonight I am converted, and can walk as well as any one."

NIGERIAN PROGRESS

Whole Congregation of Over Two Hundred at Mercy Seat

AT Olokemeji, a town situated in a remote part of Nigeria, an English Army Officer found some hundreds of native workers engaged in laying a Government railway line. When it was known that The Army Officer was in town, some of the headmen approached the foreman of the works and requested him to arrange for a Meeting to be held the following Sunday. Informed of this, the Ensign jumped at the opportunity, and when the time for the gathering arrived, the headmen came to his billet to conduct him to a large booth made of palm leaves in which had been placed a table spread with a white cloth.

Over 200 natives were present and listened intently to the story of Jesus. When the invitation was given to those who desired to find Salvation a large proportion of the men stood to their feet. Before the Prayer Meeting closed practically the whole congregation had been seen kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

THE PRAYER HOUR

Most people give their bodies about ten hours a day in eating, and drinking, and dressing, and sleeping, and maybe a few minutes to their souls. We ought to give at least one solid hour every day to restful, loving devotion with Jesus over our open Bible, for the refreshing, developing, and strengthening of our spiritual life.



Christmas War Cry Champions

Twenty-Three Corps take 1,000 Copies and over
Territorial Total - Seventy Thousand

In 1920 we circulated 45,000 copies, in 1921, 58,000 copies, in 1922 the grand total recorded above

Just as soon as we receive photographs of the other members of the 'gallant twenty two' we shall publish same. In the meantime we give their names: Commandant Weir Edmonton I, 1500; Captain Loughton, Regina II, 1500; Adjutant Otway, Moose Jaw, 1500; Commandant Hoddinott, Victoria, 1500; Ensign Day, Port Arthur 1000; Ensign Bellamy, Fort William, 1000; Adjutant Junker, Saskatoon I, 1000.

The Cadets disposed of Twenty five hundred copies



Adjutant Taitte
Regina I-2500



Ensign McBain
Winnipeg I-2050



Comdt. Hamilton
Calgary I-2025



Adjutant Beattie
Brandon-1300



Captain Herman
Vancouver V



Ensign Fox
Winnipeg II-1200



Ensign Waterworth
Winnipeg VIII-1200



Captain Chapman
Winnipeg IX-1000



Ensign Geo. Mundy
Prince Albert-1000



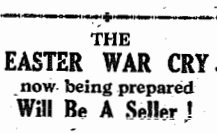
Adjutant Merritt
Vancouver I-1000



Ensign Cox
Winnipeg III-1000



Ensign Acton
Lethbridge-1000



Captain Celler
Portage-1000

REBUILDING. RHEIMS

Regent Hall Delegates Attend Opening of New Citadel

IT WILL be within the recollection of "War Cry" readers that during the repeated bombardment of the beautiful city of Rheims in Northern France the brave Salvationists, under Adjutant Carrel and Captain Gaugier, manifested extreme devotion and fortitude, and survived many experiences of unspeakable terror. Until almost the last the Army Hall, which often served as a place of refuge, and over which a special providence seemed to brood, remained intact, while buildings all around were reduced to ruins. Then it was rendered uninhabitable.

It will also be remembered that when the question of rebuilding the devastated areas arose, the Regent Hall Corps, London, and particularly the B-4, accepted the responsibility of raising the money for a new Salvation Army Hall in Rheims.

The new Citadel has now been completed, and the opening ceremony was conducted by Lieut. Commissioner and Mrs. Eyrton. Delegates from Regent Hall were Bandmaster Twitche, Band-Sergeant Good and Bandman Freeman, who were impressed with the striking exterior of the building and its clean, compact, and beautifully lighted interior.

Under the best conditions Open-air work in France is greatly restricted, although not absolutely forbidden; but a correspondent draws vivid contrast between the fine Meetings conducted by the Rink Comrades in the Oxford Street area, and that held on this occasion among the dimly-lighted ruins of Rheims.

There were many penitents at the first Salvation Meeting conducted in the Citadel.

CHRISTMAS AT KILDONAN

The Women's Social Secretary Spends 'The Day' at this Useful and Able Directed Institution

CHRISTMAS was celebrated at Kildonan Industrial Home in a royal manner. During the morning Winnipeg III Band arrived and played sweet music and sang carols. The Bandmen remained for about an hour much to the delight of the inmates. Ensign Cox spoke some suitable and acceptable words and some lovely flowers were left by the visitors and these graced the well laden tables.

Brigadier Goodwin, the Women's Social Secretary, and Ensign Saunders spent the day at this splendid institution which is so ably managed by Adjutant Sharrock. After dinner Santa Claus was announced to arrive at 3.30 and prompt to time the sleigh bells were heard. All were by this time seated around a beautiful tree which was burdened with presents and useful gifts. After the distribution, the Brigadier and Adjutant Sharrock addressed the company and one of the girls replied. In a demonstration given in the evening the girls did their parts well. Ensign Stride, Lieutenant Haslam, Mrs. Ridley and Mrs. Foster contributed acceptable items to the program.



Captain Sowden
Medicine Hat-1000



Captain Ramsdale
N. Battleford-1000

PAY THY VOW

Absurdity Digs Its Own Grave

Passing of Great Friend

Broadcasted 'Fact' Proved to be Fiction

The Honorable John Wanamaker—a Fearless Champion and Practical Supporter of The Salvation Army—Answers The Call

Tribute to the Devotion of Salvationists Across the Border

Fine Record of Service for Others

Extracts from Commander Eva Booth's Declaration of Loyalty

SOME readers of The War Cry will have noted statements, which have been published in certain newspapers, questioning the loyalty of Salvationists in the United States. Hitherto we have not deemed the matter of sufficient moment to refer to it in this journal, and that our attitude has been fully justified is proven by the fact that the absurdity of the suggestion has been its own grave digger. There are no more loyal and devoted Salvationists in the world than the Officers and Soldiers in the United States, and why it should have been repeated with such curious persistence and apparent ill will in certain newspapers leaves us amazed.

We feel sure, however, that a statement published in the New York 'War Cry,' by Commander Eva Booth, whose life-long devotion to The Army has never been questioned within our borders, will be read with pleasure, for although she has not received orders to farewell, it is clear where she stands.

"Where do I stand?" is the question she asks. Reviewing various stages in her long service, and recalling her ready obedience at all times to the orders of her General, she says:

"I stand by The Flag my Father, our Founder, lifted, the principles he laid down as the foundation of our Organization, and by my brother, The General, our Founder's Successor . . .

"I stand where I stood when my Father made known to me his desire to call me from London and to send me across the sea to take charge of Canada . . ."

Again: "When our old General assured me that the appointment [to the United States] carried his judgment, and that God would be my Strength and Guide [for I realized the greatness of the Command and its limitless opportunities for The Salvation Army], I accepted orders with a determination to do my best that has not died.

"I stand where I stood at the last International Congress, eight years ago, when I told our present General that I was unchanged in my loyal adherence to The Salvation Army system of change of Officers, when the interests of the War required it.

"And again, I stand where I stood two years ago, when [The Army's work in] this country was reorganized and the question of my farewell was discussed. That, although to leave America would be the hardest thing I had ever been called on to do, yet my loyal heart was unchanged, and when in The General's judgment the time came he would find me 'at attention,' ready to obey orders. This is where I stand today."

"The War Cry" regrets that it should be necessary to refer to this matter at all, but as questions may have been raised in the minds of some through the statements in the newspapers, we give with pleasure this complete and decisive answer on the point. The Commander concludes her statement with the words: "When the orders for my leaving America come, I shall carry them out without hesitancy and shall communicate them to my dear people without delay."

Drummer Orton, of Neepawa, Called Home

AGAIN the death angel has visited our Corps and taken from us our midst Brother Norman Orton. We miss him greatly for he has been our Drummer for the past eleven years. This Comrade graduated from the Company Meetings to the Senior Corps, and was converted under Captain Levi Taylor (now Lieutenant-Col. Taylor) in 1898. Our Brother never missed an Open-Air unless he was sick or working, and it was his chief delight to beat The Army drum. He had always a clear, definite experience, and the sunshine of his heart shone through his face. He was a great encouragement to the Band boys, and did his very best to help their progress.

Brother Orton attended the Meetings during his last Sunday on earth and gave an encouraging testimony, and about half an hour after starting work on the following morning he met with an accident. The Officers were called, and while the Ensign went to Norman's side, Mrs. McCaughey went to tell Mrs. Orton. He was moved to the hospital and while there Officers and Comrades visited him from time to time. Never once was he heard to complain about God's

will or why the accident should have happened. His wife sat by his side day after day, only leaving to give the children necessary attention. But Brother Orton's words were, "All is well, I am ready." His thoughts were continually with the Band, and he would say, "I want to do my duty." The day before passing away Ensign McCaughey read to him and he said, "My Father knows, I'm in his hands." On November 17th he went to sleep at 9:00 p.m. and passed away peacefully at 2:50 a.m.

The funeral was conducted on the following Sunday afternoon and our little Hall was packed. On the platform stood the muffled drum and the vacant chair. The Band played one of his favorite pieces, "It is well with my soul." Mrs. McCaughey sang his favorite, "Above the waves of earthly strife" and the Ensign spoke from the text, "I have fought a good fight." At night we held the Memorial Service and again the Hall was full. Different Comrades spoke highly of our departed Brother's life, and all knew what they said was true for he was well known in Neepawa as a child of God. The Bandmaster in paying tribute to our departed Comrade said that when he was only a little fellow Brother Orton had taught him to beat the drum and was always an example to him for good. As the conclusion of the service three seekers came forward to give their all afresh to God.

Our prayers and sympathy are with the sorrowing wife and two little boys. We pray the God of all comfort will comfort them.

—Redwing.

Word in Season to Young People Who Have Been Dedicated to God's Service Under The Army Flag

IN the dedication of this child you now declare your willingness for the Lord to take possession of her, and you wish that she shall only and always do His will. You must be willing that she should spend all her life for God wherever He may choose to send her, and not withhold her at any time from such hardship, suffering, want or sacrifice as true devotion to the service of Christ and The Salvation Army may entail."

Given to God So run the words of a part of The Salvation Army Dedication Service. It had been thus given up to the Lord. Father and mother had desired to enter The Salvation Army service themselves, but failing in this they dedicated their little girl should be consecrated and trained from earliest infancy for this work.

Under the dear old Army Flag they made the sacred offering and promise, and the influences of that undertaking were ever present with the child, who, while still quite young, enthusiastically entered herself into the spirit of the vow, and set her heart and mind upon the purpose of her life.

The sweet peace that comes from the knowledge that one is in the will of God was unmistakably hers when she definitely began her preparations, and the deep joy that looked through those eyes from her very soul expressed far more forcibly than the words uttered the happiness she experienced when she actually found herself in the chosen path. She had acquiesced in her parents' plan for her life, and had attained the fulfillment of the desire of her own heart.

Many parents have solemnly but readily responded to the words quoted above, expressing their willingness for their precious infant to be thus given to the Lord. The little one has grown up and reached the age when the responsibility for deciding this most important matter has to be taken upon herself.

Sealed Early Vow

Years of prayer have sealed over and over again that early vow; father and mother have striven through difficulties, dangers, disappointments, darkness, and very real self-denial to fit the young life for the sacred service to which she had been dedicated, and then, often with much secret waiting upon God, have watched for her choice to be made.

What about all those Young People who have not so far set their own seal upon the action of their parents? Example and counsel they have, but they have not yet risen up and made a free-will offering of themselves to the Lord. What a disappointment they are to Him, to the dear ones whose loving hearts o'ershadowed and surrounded them through the passing years, and to themselves!

And are there any parents who read these lines who have gone back upon their consecration and are hindering rather than helping the children once dedicated? To such the words must sound in solemn warning: "Defer not to pay thy vow."

Wide, wide as the ocean
High as the heavens above,
Deep, deep as the deepest sea,
Is my Saviour's love,
Why I'm unworthy,
Still I'm a child of His care,
For His love teaches me,
That His love reaches me,
Anywhere.



international renown, the people of the Eastern and Southern States, among whom he resided, sense his loss perhaps more acutely than anyone else.

In his passing the economic and political worlds have lost a great champion of the Cross of Christ and a practical exemplar of the Master's teachings.

The Salvation Army in no less a degree has parted with a great friend whose choice Christian spirit, practical vision, keen foresight, generous benefactions and valued counsel have been a great asset for many years.

His family, his associates and Salvationists, however, have the rich consolation that the fragrance of his memory, as well as the inspiring influence of his life, will always abide. This consciousness will mitigate the sorrow of the thousands who mourn his passing.

Mr. Wanamaker was a true Christian and a fearless exponent of the standards and ideals of the religion of Jesus Christ. He was by faith a Presbyterian, and at a very early age discovered that the Christ-life was the only true life. As a young man he was intensely active in church work, founded a Sunday-school in the Bethany Presbyterian Church, which was one of his life interests and which, through the dominating influence of his Christian personality and untiring activity, became one of the largest in the country. His service of sixty-four years as superintendent of this school is believed to be a world's record.

He belonged to few clubs and was neither ambitious nor particularly active socially, but he had an undying interest in the welfare and well-being of his fellow men, and from the extensive betterment work which he inaugurated and endowed among his thousands of employees his philan-

(Continued on page 6)

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder _____ William Booth
General _____ Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hedder,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

Promotion—

To be Commissioner:

Colonel Wilfred Simpson, Mission-
ary Section of the Foreign Office,
International Headquarters.

EDWARD J. HIGGINS,
Chief of the Staff.

A NEW YEAR BULLET

People who are every now
and then 'turning over a new
leaf,' blot the new work with
the same stuff that spoiled the
old.

IN GOD'S HANDS

Matt. 26:42

A CCEPT, good Lord this opening
year.

With Thee we trust it, knowing still
Each needed way, that Thou art near,
To sanctify both thought and will.
Oh, make the future all Thine own,
No strength have we to walk alone.

1 Sam 7:12

We give Thee praise for boundless
Grace

And past year's leading by Thy
power.

Thy mercies manifold we trace,
Encircling us in danger's hour.
All these sweet tokens from above
Now help us trust Thy future love.

Prov. 3:6

The unknown veils our joys and woes;
We know not if the strife is long;
But we rejoice because He knows;
We rest because Thine arm is
strong.

We would not mar life's destined way.
Through Grace, we would Thy will
obey.

MRS. LIEUT.-COL. SHARP

By Lt.-Colonel George Phillips

A WOMAN warrior has gone. A
choice spirit has received her
reward. It was my privilege to
labor with Lieut. Colonel and Mrs.
Sharp for a number of years—and
to live with them and I readily pay
tribute to the memory of this de-
voted and saintly woman.

She had a strong personality, was
sound in judgment and a thorough
Salvationist with a kind sympa-
thetic heart. As a mother she showed
tenderness and affection and yet
all firmness. As a companion and
life helpmate to the Colonel, she was
a tower of strength. Her keen per-
ceptive powers served her in good
stead and helped in the solving of
the many difficult problems that of
necessity fall to the lot of Army
leaders.

As a comrade Salvationist, she
was held in the truest affection and
love by all who knew her and her
service in Canada will stand as an
enduring monument to a faithful
and devoted life.

New Year Charge

Let 1923 be a Year of Prayer and Work for God and the People

No Call to Do Good Should be Unheeded

EVERYTHING has a beginning, and so with the years that go by. A
new year is in front of us and on the first day of January we step
out on another untrodden path, to face new problems and overcome new
difficulties.

The year 1922 is a thing of the past, not so with its memories. They
cannot so easily be blotted out: memory remains with us. What does
memory say regarding 1922? Have there been shortcomings, yieldings
to temptation, giving in to discouragement, times when beset and
overcome of soul, mind or body? If so, the New Year holds in its
hand for you a new beginning, fresh courage, fresh hope and fresh
virtues.

But 1922 holds another record: God's goodness, God's faithfulness,
God's unchangeableness, God's Love, God's watchfulness and God's
untiring care for you. Put these many blessings against your tempta-
tions, against your shortcomings, against your doubts, and you must
conclude that "God, who is for you is more than all that be against
you."

We must leave 1922—prone though we be to linger with it, and we
must say Welcome New Year, welcome new opportunities, new joys,
new experiences, new sacrifices, new victories of every kind, if new
should mean a new beginning.

We cannot determine for each other what the New Year shall be,
but we individually can map out such a path of usefulness for our own
guidance that God will get the very best from us that mind and soul
can give throughout the year.

Begin the year 1923 in the Spirit of the Master, "He went about
doing good." No country in the world presents a greater field for
"doing good" than this, and while it cannot be said that the whole field
is "white unto harvest" by any means, yet, there are parts where the
sickle can be put in and harvest reaped. "Doing good!" This is our
work by day and by night, at all times, in season and out of season,
in the home, in business life. What opportunities!

This 1923 should be full of holy work for God: no call to "do good"
should be unheeded! Look at the multitudes of people! men and
women, rich and poor, some wanting the light, many rejecting the
light. Look at the children—oh what a God-given opportunity with
the children. Their respect for the message is wonderful. During the
past year we have seen quite a number of children kneel and find
Salvation. He who said "suffer little children to come unto Me"
meant the children of this country as much as any other. We must not
be surprised if we discover as the days go by, that our chief oppor-
tunity for God and The Army is in the children.

Let the New Year be a year of prayer: our Saviour lived in the
spirit of prayer day and night. In the street, in the lanes, in the home
and in the mountains! His recorded prayer in John 17, is the
most perfect lesson on how to pray in the whole Bible. The Apostle
says "Pray without ceasing," which means never lose for one moment
through the day the consciousness of fellowship with God. This is our
birthright. Let us make the most of it all the time.

Last, but not least, let us live in the Spirit of thanksgiving. "Re-
joice evermore!" In everything give thanks." So says the great apostle.
Pray! Officers, every Soldier and every convert of The Army can find
something to be thankful for, and the soul's contact with God is the
greatest thing to cause thanksgiving. You will find throughout the
year scores of things arise in your life for thanksgiving. "Oh give
thanks unto the Lord."



What are You Doing to Help—

- 1.—Spread the everlasting Gospel? You can testify.
- 2.—Push the 'One Soul—One Soldier' Cam-
paign? You can 'win one'.
- 3.—Your neighbor up the steep incline of
misfortune? You can be kind.
- 4.—Make your milkman happy on his cold
morning route? You can smile.
- 5.—Fit yourself for greater responsibilities?
You can Study.
- 6.—The unclothed starving sin-cursed mil-
lions in heathen lands? You can start
saving for S. D.I.

Collegestagram

By New Scribe

BUSTLE and commotion are the
"order of the day" at the Train-
ing Garrison. Christmas carolling and the
Relief Work mean business day
and night.

The Carolers have been well re-
ceived and their efforts generously
warded. Many interesting "tit bits"
could be recounted in this direction.
One elderly gentleman was seen fol-
lowing the lad cadets for some dis-
tance and told the Smiling Collector
he really could not miss hearing such
music, while in many homes the little
folk awaited the coming of the carol-
ers and struggled hard to avoid the
evening visit of the "Sandman!"

The Relief Collecting has been
heartily entered into by the Cadets.
One energetic lad was seen ringing a
loud sounding dinner bell, but as this
disturbed the public peace it soon
ceased and the Cadet found useful
employment elsewhere. On the last
day of the collecting Santa Claus was
seen to leave the Training Garrison
on a sleigh drawn by six dogs, in
order to add his quota to the effort.

An interesting subscription found
its way to the Training Garrison from
the Canadian National Railway Work-
shops. It appears that some of the
men decided to play a practical joke
on a Salvationist Workmate and se-
condarily hung up a supposedly Relief
Pot alongside his bench. The Salva-
tionist took the joke good humoredly,
and another man standing nearby said
to his chums, "Well, let's make it a
real practical joke," and dropped his
contribution into the waiting pot.
Others followed his example, and at
the end of the day over \$20. was col-
lected and handed over to the T. G.
Principal. Good for the practical
jokers!

A peep into the Lecture Hall on
Christmas day would have impressed
one at once with the atmosphere of
"peace and goodwill," the decorations
about the building gave the "home-
like" touch so dear at this time.
Santa Claus and his good lady paid
their annual visit to the College in
the evening and amidst bursts of
merriment succeeded in handing out
the Christmas parcels and mail. One
member present was heard to exclaim
"this makes my 37th parcel." Evi-
dently the Training Garrison is a good
place to be!

The members of the Training Gar-
rison Staff wish the Cadets a
wishing Collegestagram Readers a very
happy and blessed New Year.

LOST BUNDLE AND LIFE

A MAN was passing along a railway
track in California. Leaving his
bundle on the line, he climbed a bank
to get a drink of water from a spring.
Just then he heard the whistle of an
approaching train, and rushed down
the bank to snatch his bundle from
the track. He had barely time to
reach the spot, when the train swept
past and dashed him to death. In the
vain endeavor to save his bundle he
sacrificed his life.

How many sacrifice their lives in
the effort to retain some cherished
sin or indulgence! They want to drink
the Water of Salvation; they hear the
whistle of the train of death—they
know it is close at hand; but they
want to rescue their bundles of pleas-
ure of gain, or worldliness and de-
bauchery, and in the attempt they lose their
life. They prefer the bundle to the
water, and they lose both the bundle
and their life. Sinner, backslider, are
you running down the track after the
little things of time and turning your
back on the soul-refreshing water of
Salvation? Oh, beware! Turn now.
"Hail everyone that thirsteth, come ye
to the waters."

Noble Work of Mercy and Practical Relief

How The Salvation Army, Splendidly Supported by Generous Westerners, Brought Christmas Cheer to Hundreds of Needy Men, Women and Children

Our Territorial Leaders direct busy activities on behalf of the poor

COPPERS, silver, bills and cheques—a heterogeneous pile of such like—was contributed by the generous citizens of Winnipeg to The Salvation Army Christmas pots during the past week. On every hand the spirit of Yuletide was in evidence and donations of both cash and material were given cheerfully and liberally.

For sometime previous to the effort, the Commissioner, together with the Winter Relief Board and Social Officers, had been busily engaged formulating plans to meet the usual influx of applications for assistance at such a time. That the plans were well made and as well executed was proven by the smiles of satisfaction upon the tired faces of the workers themselves as well as the expressions of thankfulness on the part of the recipients of Yuletide cheer.

Throughout all the larger towns and cities of the West, Salvation Army Officers have been actively engaged in similar efforts to alleviate Winter suffering and see that every deserving family was supplied with a good Christmas dinner. As a result of the Winnipeg endeavor nearly \$6,000 was raised in the ten pots which had been placed at strategic points throughout the city. Special mention should be made of the men Cadets who, wrapped in giant polar coats, braved the snow and biting cold and diligently "kept the soup hot."

Behind the Scenes

However, such an effort does not consist entirely of bell ringing and coin jingling, but behind the walls of Sir Douglas Haig Hostel a crew of workers was appointed to the tiresome task of wrapping up roasts of juicy beef, weighing out sugar and tea, apportioning nuts and fruit, and filling to the neck the eight hundred hampers, representing meals for 4,000 people. These jam-packed hampers, together with a bundle of toys supplied by The Tribune, were delivered to the needy homes of the City from the ten various Corps centres before Sunday morning had arrived. On this page is to be seen a picture of Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder inspecting the piles of hampers at the Hostel just prior to their delivery.

Last Minute Demands

Each family that received a food supply had been previously carefully investigated by an Officer, so it can be safely said that each recipient of Christmas cheer was deserving of the help given. After 650 portions had been packed last minute calls came in for another 150 hampers. Willing workers soon volunteered their services to face the eleventh hour task, and before Saturday night had merged into the Sabbath morning the urgent demands were met and every applicant had been supplied with the makings of a good wholesome Christmas dinner.

The Social workers continued their mission of mercy on Monday morning when two hundred overcoats were distributed free of charge to needy applicants. Again on Thursday night the

Manitoba Hall was the scene of a banquet when some three hundred men were the glad partakers of a delightful turkey dinner. It was an inspiring sight indeed to see them bury their troubles in forgetfulness and attack en masse the well-stacked dinner plates before them. Soon the mountains were reduced to valleys, and all journeyed along their ways with "inward satisfaction."

Grace Hospital Doings

But how about mothers and babies?

young mothers. A tastefully decorated tree, seasonable adornments in the reception parlor, and a "feast fit for a king" all combined to make the festival a topping success.

Continuing the series of Army Christmas festivities was the Happy Time which took place at the Kildonan Home on Monday. During the morning Winnipeg III band serenaded the residents at the Home, much to the enjoyment of all. The musical visitors also kindly left bouquets of flow-

bells were heard in the distance and fragrant the soon-closing of the venerable Santa. He came and did his duty well, each girl being remembered by a useful present.

At supper-time Adjutant Sharrock, the industrious matron, again invited all present to partake of the final spread of the day. About forty "appetites" took their place about a long table set in the corridor and in short order made havoc of the matron's famous mince pie and Christmas cake. Brigadier Goodwin and the Adjutant both briefly addressed the company of merriment-makers, after which one of the girls volunteered to reply in gratitude to The Army for all they had done for the inmates. Her words, tremulous and hesitating, were the means of blessing the hearts of those who had labored so arduously to make the day one of uplift and pure delight.

Santa's Antics

Mention should be made of one interesting feature of advertising the "Army kettles", namely, a toboggan drawn by eight white huskies. Following the sled, or seated thereon, was the convivial Chris Kringle, who cut up such antics as would draw the attention of any crowd. Reared on the toboggan was a sign warning readers that it was the last day of opportunity to contribute to The Army Fund, while Santa himself in stentorian tone voiced abroad the same fact. That this novel feature had its effect was evidenced by the counting-house results that night, when approximately four times the usual day's gleanings were totaled.

The Pathos of it All

If space would permit, many pathetic stories of dire need in poverty-stricken homes could be cited. One Officer told of entering a dilapidated shack where the living conditions were unmentionable and the mother of a pitiable little flock actually begged that food be sent them.

Another touching incident was that of a twelve-year-old girl who approached the pot rather wistfully and dropped in a letter, the substance of which follows:

—Street,
Winnipeg.

Dear Santa:

I am writing to ask if you will please think of us this Christmas and bring something to my home. My daddy is dead. My brothers went to the war and afterward got married, so that now there is only my 18-year-old sister working to keep the home going. Her boss is going to lay her off at Christmas time, so mother says she doesn't know what we will do as she won't be able to buy anything for our Christmas. So please, Santa, will you please remember us? If you have just a little to spare after you have been all around we shall be grateful to you.

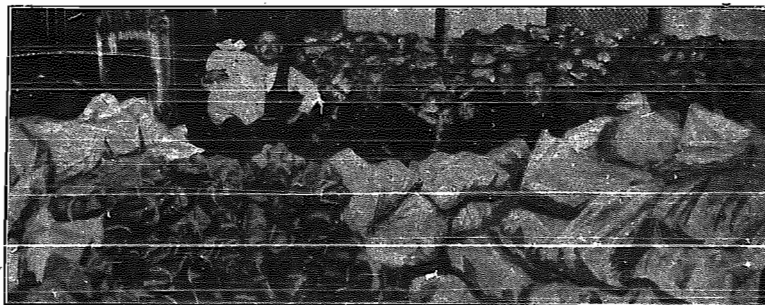
(Continued on page 8)



Ah, you should have looked in at the Grace Hospital on Saturday night when about one hundred mothers and their babies joined in the Christmas jollification and were entertained to a palatable Holiday feast. Brigadier Payne, as usual, proved a royal hostess for the evening. She, together with her energetic staff, worked hard in their preparation for the event that it might be a memorable one to these

ers to add to the beautiful decorations.

Brigadier Goodwin, the Women's Social Secretary, and Ensign Saunders also spent the day at the Home and assisted in making the hours joyful ones. A truly sumptuous repast was served at mid-day when turkey, plum-pudding and all the necessary "fixings" tickled the palates of the fortunate diners. Scarcely had justice been meted out in this direction when sleigh



Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, Lieut.-Colonel Morris, Lieut.-Colonel McLean and Staff-Captain Allen photographed at the Douglas Haig Hostel amid the mounds of Christmas sacks, parcels, and toys

What Christianity Is and Does

Christianity is the Absolute Religion—the only true and justified religion—It is the reality of what heathenism sought and seeks, and what Judaism hoped and hopes for

CHRISTIANITY means the religion of Christians—the doctrines taught by Christ. It is a world of thoughts, which have been working in the minds of men up to the present hour. Christianity is an all-affecting change of our entire mode of thought, and of our entire social system, a renewal of our inner life; in short, it is a world of effects, which are matters of daily experience. But above all, it is the religion of Christ; and as Professor Huxley has well said, "To teach a child that which is virtue is morality; to teach it that which is both wise and beautiful, that is religion." The Christian religion is the source whence flows that stream of blessings, of which even they who perhaps oppose or ridicule the Christian faith partake. Christianity is the absolute religion, the only true and justified religion. As soon as Christianity ceases to declare itself to be the only true religion, it destroys its power, and denies its right to exist, for it then denies its necessity.

The old world concluded with the question, "What is truth?" and the new era began with Christ proclaiming as an answer, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." This truth is the confession of the Christian faith. The forms which this faith assumes may alter, the human nations by which it seeks to express itself may change; but Christian faith must declare itself to be the unchangeable truth. It must affirm that this truth is the answer to the old questions of human nature, and that all the religions which have been its predecessors were merely preliminary and preparatory, and have found in it their aim and goal. Heathenism was the seeking religion, Judaism the hoping religion, but Christianity is the reality of what heathenism sought, and Judaism hoped for.

Christianity is the religion which, in the person of its Founder, actually realizes that union of man with God, which every other religion has striven after, but none attained. To seek God is the origin of all religion. Men cannot cease from seeking and enquiring after God; it is the distinctive mark of humanity, and the idea of the one God is primitive and fundamental. It is true that individuals may deny all religions, just as individuals may deny all human affection; nevertheless, it is as essential to man to be religious, as to love. As a man cannot live without his fellow-men, neither can he live without God. By God we live and move, and have our being. Religion is the chief concern of the whole man, and of his whole inner life. He is man's inmost soul. We are all made by God, and for Him, yet in this absolute sovereignty He has but one aim—the spiritual perfection of the individual, the purification of his life and conscience, his union with what is true, the salvation of his soul. He draws men to Himself for their highest good.

Israel was a nation of hope, and its religion, the religion of hope; the Hope of Israel became a fact, and was realized at Bethlehem. This is the essence of Christianity, and its essence consists not in an idea, not in mere thoughts, but in a fact, and in that fact Jesus Christ, our Saviour and mediator. This Person may be designated as the essence of Christianity; in fact, He is Himself Christianity. Christianity requires us to live only for God, and to devote ourselves to no other but Him. Its first object, indeed, was the preaching of the Cross, the doctrine of repentance and

faith, as the way of Salvation and eternal life to men.

Christianity is the doctrine of Salvation, it is a Divine power, renewing every aspect of life. Jesus Christ is the Lord, the Redeemer, the Mediator, by Whom the wall of partition, erected by the between God and man, is to be abolished.

Christianity is at war with every evil passion in the human heart; it descends into its innermost recesses, and strikes at the root of everything that would defile or pollute the soul. It is a war with selfishness, pride, malice, jealousy and envy. When we say "Christianity" we do, in effect, say Jesus Christ, and what Christianity means is to bow before Him in humility, reverence, and honor as the only true and everlasting Saviour of us all. It is He Who introduced humility into the world, and inculcated the virtue of compassion, the spirit of love, of resignation and of self-sacrifice, which is the loveliest and noblest product of the moral life. Christianity is not debasing to the mind, it is a noble and generous system, and abounds with motives of love, promises of blessing and hopes of glory. Its influences are both enlightening and comforting. Its only weapons of offence and defence are Truth and Prayer; it returns good

for evil, and blessing for cursing. Many great men, such as Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and Napoleon founded great empires upon force; Jesus alone founded His Kingdom on Love. Christianity was ushered into the world by love. Love was perfected on Calvary. The highest thought which we can conceive or utter of God is that He is eternal Love. God is power, and the creation of the world is a monument of His power. His love is higher than His power. Love is the rule, power but the servant. Love is the first and last thought of God. Christianity is the revelation and proclamation of this love; it is the religion of redemption. It reveals Christ, Who is the Light; and that being so, let us receive the Light. Christ is the Truth; let us believe the Truth. Christ is the Way, let us follow the Way. Let us be His servants, His scholars, His sheep, His Soldiers, ever willing to work for Him, study His Word, follow in His way, and endure hardness. Christianity is built upon four immovable pillars—the Love, the Power, the Goodness, and the Purity of God. If we love God, He will infuse power and goodness into us, and help us to show forth these virtues in our own lives to lost, perishing souls about us.

OUR EASTERN REVIEW

From the Canada East 'War Cry'

COUNCIL FOR TORONTO BANDSMEN

Conducted by Commissioner Sowton

THE Bandmen of Toronto—somewhat the Commissioner's aide all day, gave two hundred and fifty in number—were privileged to spend the Sunday of December 3rd, with Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton at the Davisville Auditorium. It was a day full of rich blessing, inspiration, mental stimulus, spiritual enrichment, valuable counsel, and holy joy.

Heart to Heart Talks

The first session was for Bandmasters and Deputy Bandmasters only and this select little company gathered in the Training College in the morning.

During the day the Commissioner addressed the Bandmen on matters of discipline, indoor and outdoor playing, musical festivals, and other things connected with their work. The supreme object of all they did, however, he pointed out, was the Salvation of sinners, and this essential aim must never be disregarded.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton gave a most heart-moving talk touching chords in the Bandmen's hearts which melted them to tenderness.

The Chief Secretary, who was at

the Commissioner's side all day, gave a short address.

"Our Bands draw a lot of people to The Army Meetings," he said, "and they are also one of the bridges by which numbers of boys pass from the Junior to the Senior ranks and are held there." He urged that every man present should lay aside all that would militate against efficient Salvation Army Bandmanship.

Lieut.-Colonel Miller, the Field Secretary, explained the working of the Bandmen's Widow's Fund. Over a thousand Bandmen in Canada East are now contributing to this fund. He stated, and during the past year, five widows have received benefit from it.

An instructive paper on "The evolution and interpretation of Salvation Army music," was read by Adjutant Beer, and was received with evident delight by the Bandmen.

There was no undue pressure, but the opportunity to kneel at the Cross was given, and one after another Comrades made their way to the front in obedience to the vision that had come to them, and there re-consecrated themselves for a better service.

MOUNT DENNIS

Corps Builds Officers' Quarters

PERHAPS no more effective testimony to the high place the Officers at Mount Dennis occupy in the estimation of their Soldiers, Recruits, and Converts, could be given than that which is provided by the building of the commodious quarters for them which is now approaching completion.

This substantial home for the Officers, closely adjacent to the Corps Hall, has been built entirely by the free labor of the Comrades at the Corps, and the untiring enthusiasm

which they have displayed in pushing forward the work in the comparatively little spare time at their disposal has been a joy to witness.

It is expected that the Quarters will be sufficiently advanced to permit of the Officers moving in about Christmas, and there will be great jubilation over the happy accomplishment of a soulful purpose.

From the opening of the Corps at Mount Dennis right up to the present time there has been gracious evidence of the accompanying blessing of God. And Captain Coull, the Commanding Officer (a daughter by the way of hon-

ored Local Officers at Oshawa), has put in good foundation work, and with the co-operation of her assistant, Captain Chivers, is making the influence of The Salvation Army in the lives and homes of the people a real factor in the rising community of Mount Dennis.

SPIRITUAL DAY

Amongst the many seasons of blessing and uplift that it is the experience of the Cadets in the Training College to share in, Spiritual Days take the premier position; especially is this so when the Commissioner is in command.

On a recent Thursday Commissioner Sowton led his first Spiritual Day with the present session of Cadets and it was an occasion of intense spiritual seeking and cultivation. The Commissioner was aided by the Holy Spirit in his heart-stirring and thought-provoking addresses.

The foundations of soul life were tested, the depths of the heart were searched and even the spirit and purpose with which duty is executed was closely scrutinized, and as the rays of heavenly light flashed in upon any particle of darkness, doubt, and defeat, it was beautiful to behold the ready obedience to such God given revelations.

Colonel and Mrs. McMillan represented The Army at a session of the recent convention of the World League against Alcoholism, held in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto.

Mrs. Colonel McMillan represented The Army at the Annual Meeting of the Women's National Council at Montreal, and spoke at luncheon in the McGill University Club.

Much sympathy will be felt with Mrs. Blanche Read Johnston, Toronto, in the sudden passing of her husband. We commend all the bereaved to God. Mr. Johnston was a warm friend of The Salvation Army and his name will be kept in honored remembrance.

NOBLE WORK OF MERCY

(Continued from page 1)

I am twelve years of age, Santa, and will thank you if you will kindly remember us.

Your friend,
Dorothy

Much also might be written of the Corps carollers and how warmly the people received their messages of music and song during the week preceding Christmas Day. Then too, each of the ten City Corps gathered together the children of their Company Meetings and many outsiders, when Christmas demonstrations were rendered and candy, fruit and gifts dispensed to the young bloods. Approximately 1600 children were reached in this way.

Thus the Great Day came once more—and went. The spirit of the Manager's Occupant reached us and bade us give much. And we dare say that were it not for His spirit of bounty broadcast in the hearts of men that many thousands of men, women and children would have spent a lonely, sad, and gloom 26th of December.

PASSING OF GREAT FRIEND

(Continued from page 5)

He loved to mingle with Salvationists, and frequently attended Salvation Army meetings. At an age when most men want to rest he was active not only in business but also in church work. He loved his Bible, always carrying it with him. He loved The Salvation Army and did not hesitate to foster its interests. He was an ideal character, in tune with God and in harmony with men. His presence was always a benediction.

We mourn the loss of a man of great heart and vision—one who has stood as a real friend of The Salvation Army for over a quarter of a century. Unconquerable, and unhampered he now revels in the Gloriousland.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

NEW SERIES

The Home Training of Children

BY MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

"The War Cry" is fortunate in securing from Mrs. Booth a series of papers addressed to mothers on the care and management of children. Mrs. Booth has had valuable experience as a mother, and her counsel on a subject about which she is so highly qualified to advise will be received with interest and gratitude by all readers of our Women's Section.

"The duty of the parents to their children is so to govern, influence, and inspire them that they shall love, serve, and enjoy God, and in consequence grow up to be good, holy, and useful men and women."—THE FOUNDER.

I SHOULD like to visit you in your homes, and give you some counsel, to which I believe you would listen with a willing and kindly ear; but I must content myself with these printed words. You are much in my mind and heart because I know many of your cares and anxieties; even more because I am sure that the future welfare of the world, and especially of Christ's Kingdom, rests to a very large extent in your hands. What a child has become by the time he is six or seven, owing to his home influences and training, very largely determines what he will be as a man. The mother's is a great responsibility. An important trust from God is in her hands!

Perhaps some one is saying: "But my children are so difficult!" You cannot say anything more hopeful. If they were easily managed it would probably be because they lacked health, will power, and individuality. Those who will both do and be the best in life are generally strong-willed, energetic, and determined little beings who need careful and wise training.

A Vital Lesson

It is vital that a child shall be taught OBEEDIENCE in the home. Yet it is no unusual thing for a mother to say to our visiting Officer that she longs for the time to come when her little children will be old enough to go to school in order that they shall be taught obedience!

Obedience must be taught, but not at the sacrifice of a child's will power. Have as few rules, give as few orders as possible, but never allow a breach of those rules or a disregard of those orders. In the past the mistake has often been made of teaching obedience in such a way as to destroy a child's will power and reasoning faculty. For instance, I recently read an illustration given to indicate the excellent way in which a certain father was supposed to have trained his children. To me it was a frightful illustration!

The father and little boy of four were in the garden looking at the flowers, when some one called the father away. He sat the little child on the doorstep, bidding him wait there till his return. But the business on which the father was called away was important, and absorbed his mind and attention for the remainder of the day. In the evening, as he ran the story, he returned and found the child sitting on the doorstep. True or not, this story, in my mind, illustrates the principle that it is wrong to teach an absolutely blind obedience.

Intelligent Disobedience

In warfare, how often in a crisis the day has been saved by an intelligent disobedience of orders. Unexpected elements in the situation have arisen, or some aspect not taken into account by the one who gave the order, has been gauged in a lightning flash by the officer who has to carry it out. Relying on his own alert brain, at the risk of his life and honor, this officer has intelligently understood, and therefore intelligently broken through his orders.

Let children be taught to understand and adopt the principle of obedience without violating their reason and intelligence. How many children have been taught to recite "The boy stood on the burning deck!" a poetical effort, I suppose, to uplift obedience.

You all know the story. The father, in command of a warship, ordered his young son, a midshipman, to a certain post on deck. Fire broke out. The father was killed. The whole ship was ablaze. Because not released from the order, the lad stood at his post and perished. We do not want children to be taught obedience after that pattern. At the same time, to teach prompt obedience is absolutely necessary.

A Significant Story

Many are the stories which tell how a child saved his own life and the life of others by prompt obedience. I remember one story which impressed my mind as a child. A number of children were running down a mountain side. Some one informed the parents who were following behind that at the foot of the slope there was a dangerous precipice. The mother whose little boy was running ahead of the others called out "Stop!"

Her boy had been trained to prompt obedience. He instantly stopped, and because he stopped the other children stopped also. They were close to the precipice, and had he not been trained to prompt obedience his life—the lives of all those children—might have been forfeited.

Remember, that it is not wise to reason with children until they have reached the age of reason. Prompt obedience must be taught to young children, because it is necessary to their well-being and safety. There should be penalties for disobedience.

Whenever you can, give a reason for your commands to children who are old enough to understand. To the tiny child, who wants to stare upon the cushioned seats of a railway carriage, you are right in saying "Get down. You must not do that." But if the child is old enough to reason, you should go further, and say: "Don't you see, when some one wants to sit there, the dirt from your boots will soil their clothing?" In this way you bring the child over on your side.

(Another instalment of Mrs. Booth's article next week.)

AIM TO BE A TRUE WOMAN

AIM to be a true woman, stout-hearted and brave; One of the brightest of gifts God ever gave:

Be not lackadaisical, idle, or vain, But a woman to grapple with sorrow or pain;

Be a woman of smiles, not a woman of tears; Be a woman of hope, not a woman of fears;

Be a woman of joy when sorrows assail; Be a help not a clog, when misfortunes prevail;

Never mind if mistakes your life-path should throng; Never mind a few jolts as you journey along;

Be true to yourself, and be true to your God; Be neither a weakling nor only a clog;

Thus be a companion in womanly love, And let not the world your integrity move.

Be a home-joy, a solace, the best that you can; Oh, be what God made you—a "help-mate to man."

There are plenty of women the world never knew, Yet the world is the better for all that they do;

There are many true women whom to know is to love, And whose work upon earth is blessed from above.

NOTES

For Your Reference Book

Linoleum painted over with shellac gives a brilliant polish without causing a slippery surface, and obviates the necessity of cleaning every day.

When you purchase a pair of patent leather shoes give them a coat of vaseline before you put them on for the first time. Use ordinary vaseline and smear it all over the outside of the shoes. Rub well in, and then, with the aid of a soft rag, take off the grease that is left. This lengthens the life of the patent, and prevents it from cracking easily.

It is stated that 100,000 tons of sugar are wasted annually in the bottom of tea-cups. The information should create a stir in tea drinking circles.

At least once a week, and at night, sprinkle the sink with chloride of lime. In the morning scrub the sink with a long-handled brush and pour boiling water down. The chloride of lime removes all grease, both from the sink and the pipe, and acts as a disinfectant.

Pianos should be kept free from draughts as well as from damp.

The Home Corner

Conducted by E.M.T.

There are just as many kinds and variations of lunches as there are people to eat them, and moods, conditions, and weather to prompt them. A cold winter's day lunch should be steaming, savory, and satisfying.

A well balanced meal may consist of one course, but it is more usual to have two or three.

A tasty, well-balanced soup makes an excellent beginning, because it is an appetizer as well as a stimulant. It is not the number of courses that makes a meal seem large or heavy, but the combination of foods which cause that uncomfortable feeling.

Hot Things Hot, Cold Things Cold By Aunt Joyful

If comfort you would give your whole household, Serve hot things hot, and cold things cold.

The lukewarm habit to none is fair, It soaks into system too much "don't care,"

Lowering the standard of day to day life, Leading to discontent, depression and strife.

So, mothers, look well to the household ways, Thus winning your family's unending praise,

By heeding the injunction given of old, Have hot things hot, and cold things cold.

Dry Stew

Put about three pounds of lamb into two quarts of boiling water. When it is a little more than half done put in some onions, peeled and left whole, or cut in halves; some yellow turnips and three or four carrots peeled and cut in halves lengthwise. About thirty minutes before serving time add some potatoes, peeled and cut in halves lengthwise, salt to taste and a dash of pepper. About fifteen minutes before serving add some dumplings, setting them on the potatoes and being careful that there is not liquor enough in the kettle to touch the dumplings, which should simply steam to be light. To serve this dinner, place the meat in the centre of a platter and arrange the vegetables around it as a border. Thicken the liquor left in the kettle and serve it as gravy. Beef, veal or chicken may be used instead of lamb.

For Children's Parties

Come-Agains.—Sift two cupfuls of flour with one-half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add one cupful of chopped raisins and pecans, mixed in equal parts, and one cupful of brown sugar. Beat one egg, very light; add one-half cupful of milk, and stir into this the dry ingredients. Lastly, stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Drop by small spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet. Sift over them a mixture of cinnamon and sugar and bake in a rather quick oven.

SONG OF THE WEEK

JESUS, PRECIOUS JESUS

Tunes—"Glory! Jesus saves me." 143;
"Land beyond the blue." 145
Song Book, 462.

Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee,
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee.
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Chorus

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.

Take my warmest, best affection,
Take my memory, mind and will;
Then with all Thy loving Spirit,
All my emptied nature fill.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul!
It is done, the word is spoken.
"Be Thou every whit made whole."

A HALLELUJAH HERALD

If you want to find a real old time Hallelujah Herald of the War Cry there is one to be found at Edmonton Citadel. This Comrade, Sergeant Moss, disposes of two hundred copies of the white winged messenger each week, and that after he leaves his regular work at 5:30 p.m. He says there is some sacrifice attached to it as it takes his evenings what with Meetings and Open-Airs as well, but there is joy in the service he is able to render to The Army and thus to God.

Sergeant Moss spent a long time living in the rough element of a mountain railroad camp, although he was not what might be termed a deep-seated sinner, he was far from God, and felt he would be lost if he did not seek the pardoning mercy of the Saviour. So one glorious Easter Sunday, in the Edmonton Citadel, the Spirit spoke plainly, "Now, or never" and our Comrade said, "I had to yield and God came into my heart."

Mrs. Moss is also a Salvationist as well as their six children, one of the boys playing in the senior Band. We could tell of Sister Mrs. Moss's record as a War Cry Herald (for she is one), but we will reserve that for another time.

May God bless this energetic Salvationist family.

—B. B.

MOTHER'S LITERARY WORK

"Do you do any literary work?" asked a neighbor of a mother. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I am writing two and a half." What she meant was, "John" and "Mary." She answered, "My business is to write upon the minds and hearts of my children the lessons that they will never forget!"

VICTORIA

Commandant and Mrs. Hoddinott

The War Cry has not heard much about the Victoria Home League which was organized by Mrs. Commandant Weir in the fall of 1922. Although started in a small way, the membership has gradually increased and the meetings held weekly in the Citadel are eagerly anticipated. Mrs. Commandant Hoddinott and Mrs. Catherine Weir take great interest in the League and are a great help to Secretary, Mrs. Kallag. Mrs. Major Smith is also a member. Treasurer Mrs. McNeil and many other faithful workers attend regularly, and much has been accomplished through their efforts. The annual meeting of the Home League was held in December, and in spite of unusually rough weather, which tempted Victorians to stay indoors, there was a good attendance.

Afternoon tea—indispensable in Victoria—was delightfully served and enjoyed by the members of the main. At night the platform was occupied by the League members who gave an interesting program, the last number of which was "The Home League in action," when the Sisters demonstrated sewing, knitting, etc., and we worked sewing machines, singing the while, "We're on the Home League trail," a song adapted from the popular Australian song "The Homecoming Trail." Mrs. Commandant Hoddinott explained the object of the Home League to the interested listeners and a substantial sum was raised besides new members collected.

—A. E. T.

Sir Q. Lation Shows We are looking for you



SIR Q. uses that caption for want of a better one, although he rather suspects some Corps are not "standing" at all, but—! However, we make exit from the year 1922 with the Corps and Divisions in the order shown below. Note that in addition to the total of over 17,000 there is a subscribers' and overseas list. As we commenced 1922 with a total circulation of a little over 13,000, we consider both Officers and boomers have done remarkably well.

Another twelve months will aoon wing its flight and we shall stand with the opportunities of 1923 behind us. Will your Corps be one of those to change its status and climb a few pegs upward in the coming year, or are you going to join the "Steadfasts"? (Aye, so much so as to be Stuckfast!) who have not advanced even one notch in the 1922 push?

As we go to press word reaches us that four Corps change positions to start the New Year. Rainy River, Kenora and Prince Rupert each leave the 1922 take-off with a jump of fifteen. And Winnipeg III which was bidding fair to outstrip the top-notchers, starts 1923 with a slump—temporary, of course. That is the word used to soften the intimation!

Well, my dear C. O.'s, it's a case of jump or slump. All Live Wires will subscribe their names to the Jumper's Column. Altogether now! On your mark! Get set! J-U-M-P! Sir Q. pen in hand, stands ready to record results.

Why I Should Sell The 'War Cry'

By Lieut. Edward Coles, Regina II.

1. Because I am a Salvationist and believe in The Army's methods of proclaiming the Gospel. The War Cry is one of the best methods used!
2. Because I want to help to win others for Christ.
3. Because it strengthens my soul's experience.
4. Because it gives me confidence in speaking and dealing with others.

1.—SOUTHERN SASKATCHEWAN

Regina I	480
Moose Jaw	265
Regina II	625
Swift Current	167
Siamanaw	147
Estevan	142
Weyburn	108
Mayo Creek	81
Indian Head	12
Herbert	12

Average per Corps

2.—TRAINING COLLEGE DIVISION

Winnipeg I	658
Winnipeg II	216
Winnipeg III	216
Winnipeg IV	216
Winnipeg V	216
Winnipeg VI	216
Winnipeg VII	216
Winnipeg VIII	216
Winnipeg IX	216
Winnipeg X	216
Winnipeg XI	216
Winnipeg XII	216
Winnipeg XIII	216
Winnipeg XIV	216
Winnipeg XV	216
Winnipeg XVI	216
Winnipeg XVII	216
Winnipeg XVIII	216
Winnipeg XIX	216
Winnipeg XX	216

Average per Corps

3.—SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Calgary I	551
Medicine Hat	287
Lethbridge	325
Taber	275
Drumheller	147
Calgary II	129
Coleman	116
High River	106
Calgary III	105
MacLeod	79
Hanna	79

Average per Corps

4.—MANITOBA DIVISION

Fort William	341
Port Arthur	288
Brandon	282
Dundas	184
Fortage in Prairie	124
Kenora	181
Port Frances	181
The Pas	181
Stearns	105
Rainy River	94
Viriden	79
Swan River	78

Average per Corps

5.—NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN

Prince Albert	284
Saskatoon I	815
Saskatoon II	238
North Battleford	185
Yorkton	157
Kerrobert	181
Biggar	110
Kellogg	110

Average per Corps

Kumack	105
Melville	105
Watrous	105
Humboldt	105
Average per Corps	105

6.—SOUTHERN B. C. DIVISION

Victoria	420
Vancouver I	394
Vancouver II	238
Vancouver III	116
Penticton	163
Nelson	167
Nanaimo	116
New Westminster	131
Vancouver IV	157
Ferrie	116
North Vancouver	116
Vernon	116
Southern III	116
Trail	105
Kelowna	105
Cranbrook	84
Kamloops	84
Roseland	58

Average per Corps

7.—NORTHERN ALBERTA

Edmonton I	525
Red Deer	147
Edmonton III	181
Edmonton II	128
Lloydminster	116
Fort Vermilion	105
Verulam	105
Grand Prairie	94
Canmore	79
Stettin	79
Wetaskiwin	75

Average per Corps

8.—NORTHERN B. C. DIVISION

Prince Rupert	157
Atlin	128
Prince George	58
Jamez	58
Ketchikan	37

Average per Corps

Summary

	Total	Aver.
Southern Saskatchewan	2406	267
Training College Div.	2214	210
Southern Alberta	2208	201
Manitoba	1999	166
Northern Saskatchewan	1559	168
Northern Alberta	1882	184
Northern B. C.	431	85
Social Institutions	776	
Total	17397	189

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2578—Tatobay, Arthur—may be called Dundas. Age 14, brown hair, blue eyes, his mother was left behind in Los Angeles, Calif.

2756—Kretzer, Jacob. Age 42, blue eyes, roddy complexion, laborer, single, missing nine years. Last known address was Morse, Sask.

2525—Johann, Martin Johannes. Age 34, fair hair, blue eyes, single. Last known address was Port William, Ont. Uncle enquired on the railway in British Columbia. Has been for some time in Canada. Last wrote home from Vancouver. Father enquired.

2582—Persson, Josef Paulson. Age 36, Worked on the railway in British Columbia. Has been for some time in Canada. Last wrote home from Vancouver. Father enquired.

2585—Hegland, Ella. Single, age 25, tall, dark hair, brown eyes, last heard of in 1910. Last known address was Sheep Creek, B. C. Blacksmith. Mother and brother anxious.

2586—Schmidt, Marie. Age 40, height 5 ft., weight 140 lbs., black hair, grey eyes, dark complexion, clean shaven. He has a near over his left eye, is a carpenter by trade but works on the Railroad most of the time. Missing since August, 1922.

3695—Goble, Mr. and Mrs. English. Came to Canada in 1912. Went somewhere near Prince Albert. Missing since 1914. James Bird enquired.

2587—Rasmussen, Jens. Left Saskatchewan 10 years ago. Last heard of in Golden, B. C. working with the C. N. R. Hall gang. Grey eyes, medium brown hair, height 6 ft., age 25.

2588—Chivers, William Harry. Age 23, tall, light hair, dark eyes, pale complexion. Was a farmer before the War, engineer after. Last known address was No. 447 Yorkton, Sask. Mother is very anxious.

2589—Ganson, Abel. Age 50, fair complexion, single. Last heard from 7 years ago at Macleod, Sask. Sister enquired.

2590—Olson, David. Single, age 31, tall, dark hair, brown eyes, last address in 1921. Aleka Lake, B. C. Relatives anxious.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

PERSONS desiring an investment for their money are invited to place the same with The Salvation Army. Funds are accepted on MORTGAGE for varying amounts equal to the difference between the cost, and the sum raised locally by contributions in respect of preparation, and in connection with which a good rate of interest is payable at regular intervals to the lender.

LOANS of smaller amounts in multiples of not less than \$100.00, on good security, are also accepted for periods of from one to five years, at rates of interest according to the amount and length of time.

Estimates and business treated confidentially, and prompt payment of interest and principal assured.

Officers, Soldiers and friends can facilitate The Army's work by investments of the full character described.

For particulars regarding terms, rates of interest and conditions of withdrawal, will gladly be furnished upon application to The Finance Secretary.

Territorial Headquarters, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and Friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to

EUROPE

will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with

THE SALVATION ARMY IMMIGRATION DEPT.

Booking from the British Isles can also be arranged.

Address your Communications to

ADJUTANT W. DRAY
241 Balmoral Street
Winnipeg

Space for Corps Announcements



THE PEN-GEM OF THE WORLD

God's Law Book of Commands and Penalties--His Cheque Book of Promises and Rewards--The Revelation of God to Man

By Commissioner Booth Tucker

I HOLD in my hand a Bible which has been my constant companion for the last 47 years, since my conversion in one of Moody's meetings in the Agricultural Hall, London, in March, 1875. It has had to be rebound five times, in 1881, 1885, 1895, and 1921. It has one or two features which I would recommend to those of you who are Bible students.

1. It is printed on paper which can be marked and underlined with an ordinary pen and ink, which does not show through. There is some difficulty in getting such a Bible now, because the custom of marking Bibles has largely gone out of fashion. The thin India paper mostly used makes it almost impossible to properly mark the Bible without spoiling the page and showing through. Unfortunately, I am told that there is no demand for the markable Bible. The two things necessarily act and react upon each other. Insist on having at least one Bible that you can mark, and make it a constant companion. Take it wherever you go. It will indeed prove to be "a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path."

2. My Bible has the date on each page. This is very convenient and helpful, and enables one to follow the historical order of events, especially in the Old Testament.

3. It has marginal references, but not a concordance. For this purpose I prefer to have a separate "Helps to the Study of the Bible," published by the Oxford Press. The latter contains useful information and a concordance in a compact form. For home use I have a large concordance, which gives the Hebrew and Greek equivalent of all important words.

4. To those who know Greek I would also recommend the use of a pocket Greek Testament. It often throws new light on the text.

5. In committing passages to memory, I would strongly recommend the learning of entire chapters rather than detached verses. Those which I have myself found most useful for memorising are—

- (1) The Sermon on the Mount—Matthew, chapters v. to vii.
- (2) The Last Words of Christ to His Disciples—John xiv. to xvii.
- (3) Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia—Revelation ii and iii.
- (4) From the Epistles—Romans viii. and xii.; I. Corinthians xiii.; Ephesians vi. 10-20; I. Thess. iv. 13-18; II. Thess. ii. 1-12; Hebrews xi. 32-40, and xii. 1-15 James i.; I. Peter v. 1-10; I. John i.
- (5) From the Psalms—i., ii., xix.



- xxiii., xxiv., xxxii., xxxiv., li., lxxiv., cli., and exxi.
- (6) From Isaiah—Chap. i. 1-27; ii. 2-5; l. 5-10; liii.; lv.
- (7) From Joel—Chap. ii. 11-18, and 28-32.
- (8) From Malachi—Chap. iii. 1-4, and 16-18, and Chap. iv.

By going over these at least once every month, I am able to retain them in my memory, which is by no means naturally retentive. The mind is like a box. If we leave it empty, it will be filled with "vain thoughts," or worse. If, on the other hand, we convert it into a jewel box and fill it with precious stones from God's own Word, we shall increase its capacity for good.

The Bible is the Pen-Gem of the World. Apart altogether from its religious value as the Revelation of God to Man, it is a wonderful book, from whatever angle we regard it. I want us to consider it to-day from the following standpoints—

- I. As the Pen-Gem of the World's Literature.
- II. As the Pen-Gem of the World's Poetry.
- III. As the Pen-Gem of the World's History.
- IV. As the Pen-Gem of the World's Religious and Moral Teachings.
- V. The Holy Ghost as its Interpreter.
- I. The Bible is the Pen-Gem of the World's Literature.

Apart from the Bible, there are three great and ancient Literatures, which have been the wonder and admiration of the World—namely, Sanscrit, Latin, and Greek. In the providence of God I have been obliged to study all three, and have

had to pass difficult examinations in them, when preparing for the Indian Civil Service, and I wish to say from my own personal knowledge of them that there is not in any one of them anything that can be compared for literary, poetical, historical, or moral excellence to the Bible.

But lest you should think that I am prejudiced, let me quote the words of that ripe and accomplished scholar, Sir Monier Williams, after he had devoted more than forty years to the patient and sympathetic study of these books and their religions.

Speaking of the Hindu Vedas, the Mohammedan Kuran, the Buddhist Tripitaka, the Confucian Texts and the Zend Avesta of the Zoroastrians, Sir Monier uses these weighty and remarkable words:

"These non-Christian Bibles are all developments in the wrong direction. They all begin with some flashes of true light, and end in utter darkness. Pile them, if you wish, on the left side of your study table, but place your own Holy Bible on the right side—all by itself—all alone—and with a wide gap between."

"It requires some courage to appear intendant in these days of flabby compromise and milk-and-water concession, but I contend that there is a gulf between the Bible and the so-called sacred books of the East, with severe the one from the other utterly, hopelessly, and for ever—not a mere rift which may be easily closed and across which the Christian and non-Christian may shake hands and interchange similar ideas in regard to essential truths—but a veritable gulf which cannot be bridged over by any science of religious thought—yes, a bridgeless chasm, which no theory of evolution can ever span!"

"Go forth ye Missionaries, in your Master's Name! Go forth into all the world, and after studying all its false religions and philosophies, fearlessly proclaim to suffering humanity the plain, the unchangeable, the eternal, nay, I might almost say, the stubborn, the unyielding, the inexorable facts of the Gospel! Dare to be downright, with all the uncompromising courage of your own Bible. . . . Be fair, be charitable, be Christlike; but let there be no mistake. Let it be made absolutely clear that Christianity cannot, must not, be watered down to suit the palate of either Hindu, Parsi, Confucianist, Buddhist, or Mohammedan, and that whoever wishes to pass from the false religion to the true can never hope to do so by the rickety planks of compromise, or by help of faltering hands held out by half-hearted Christians! He must leap the gulf in faith and the living Christ will spread His Everlasting Arms beneath and land him safely on the Eternal Rock!"

The same may be said of the Greek and Latin writers. The Bible towers above them like Mount Everest over the mountains of the world. It stands in solitary grandeur, a monument of God's own workmanship.

There is only one explanation possible. The Bible is God's Book. It is God's Law Book of Commands and Penalties—it is His Cheque Book of Promises and Rewards. It is the Revelation of God to Man. It is the explanation of Sin, its cause, character, and consequences. It is the unfolding of God's glorious Redemption Plan.

(To be continued)